1,000,000

dc comics

MORRISON • SEMEIKS • ROLLINS

ONE MILLION

NOV 85,271

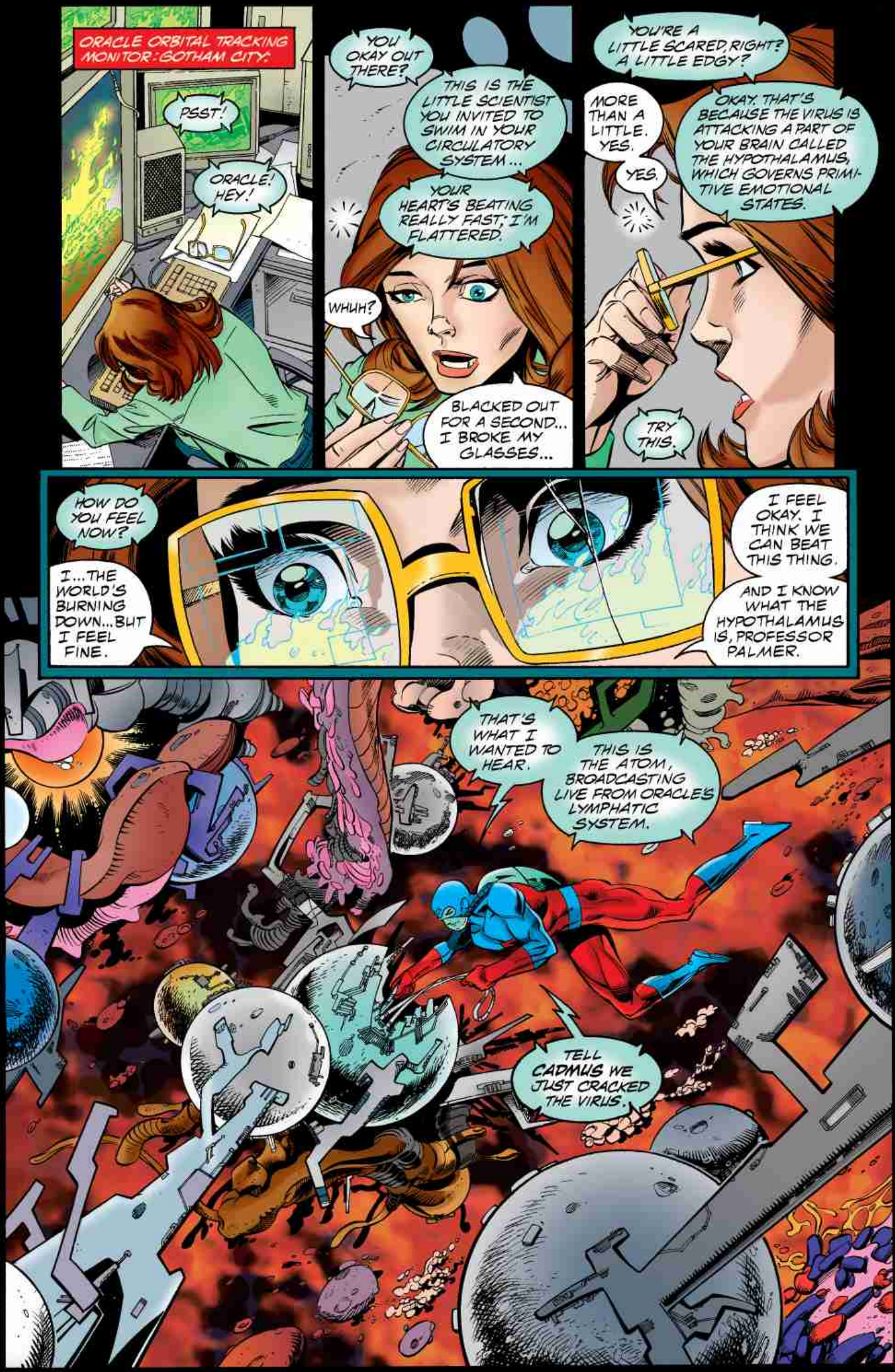
ON THE THIRD DAY:
IN THE MIDDLE EAST THERE IS MOUNTING TENSION
RIOTING CONTINUES IN DOWNTOWN
MY NAME IS PAT TRAYCE AND I'M SITTING HERE HOLDING A GUN TO MY HEAD AND I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULDN'T JUST...
KEEP DESCRIBING WHAT YOU'RE FEELING TO ME, ORACLE.
I... AH, I GOT ANGRY ABOUT NOTHING...
INMATES ARE EXECUTING PRISON GUARDS.
VIRAL ATTACKS NOT RELATED TO DEMANDS MADE BY INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST VANDAL SAVAGE.
--SAVED METROPOLIS, THE FUTURE WONDER WOMAN SAVED ME IN EUROPE. THEY ARE NOT OUR ENEMIES.
...YOU HAVE SEEN FIT TO SABOTAGE MY PLANS AND INFECT ME WITH A MIND-DESTROYING VIRUS; YOU WILL BE... REPAID.
DURING HITLER'S WAR, THE AFRIKA CORPS HELPED CONSTRUCT AND BURY TWO BLITZ-ENGINES OF MY DESIGN.
...SMASHED MY GLASSES. STUPID.
FIRST, I INTEND TO IGNITE AND DEVASTATE THE OIL FIELDS OF THE MIDDLE EAST.
VANDAL SAVAGE HEREBY DECLARES WAR ON THE NATIONS OF EARTH!
BONG
BONG
PREPARE FOR THE FALL OF CIVILIZATION.
BONG
BONG

SOLARIS
RISING
GRANT MORRISON
WRITER
VAL SEMEIKS
PENCILLER
PRENTIS ROLLINS
INKER
KEN LOPEZ
LETTERER
PAT GARRAHY
COLORIST
HEROIC AGE
SEPARATOR
TONY BEDARD
ASSOC. EDITOR
DAN RASPLER
EDITOR
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME! IF SOLARIS ISN'T COMPLETED WITHIN THE HOUR, HUMANITY WILL HAVE DESTROYED ITSELF BY DAWN!
HOURMAN! ARE YOU READY TO JOIN US ON THE WATCH-TOWER? IS THIS GOING TO WORK?

THE VIRUS IS SEARCHING FOR... SOLARIS... DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH... IT'S HIS MIND, WAITING FOR HIS BODY TO BE BUILT...
...SUPERMAN, I... HE USED ME TO REACH THIS TIME... I'VE FEEL I'VE COMMITTED CRIMES BEYOND REPAIR... COSMIC WRONGS...
HOURMAN, ENOUGH!
I'M SICK OF YOUR SELF-IMPORTANT ADOLESCENT WHINING!
WE HAVE WORK TO DO! WE...
...I...
HOURMAN, FORGIVE ME. THE VIRUS IS MAKING US ALL IRRATIONAL.
SUPERMAN, WE'RE LOSING IT.
I PUT THIS SAME HEAT PANEL ON THE SOLARIS SHELL FIVE TIMES... I'M THINKING THINGS OUT OF ORDER...
...DID I JUST SAY THAT A MOMENT AGO?
NO. IT'S... IT'S BEEN A DIFFERENT PANEL EACH TIME, FLASH.
YOU'RE DOING OKAY. TRUST ME. JUST KEEP WORKING.

HOW NEAR COMPLETION ARE WE?
EARTH IS DYING DOWN THERE!
THE CELEBRITY LOOKALIKES FROM THE FUTURE ARE GETTING THOSE SERIAL KILLER EYES AGAIN.
I SAY WE PLAN AN AMBUSH BEFORE IT DAWNS ON 'EM HOW "A LA MODE" THEY'D LOOK WEARING OUR INTESTINES AS EARRINGS...
AND I SAY WE TRUST THEM AND FINISH THIS MACHINE, PLASTIC MAN.
THE VIRUS IS NOW IN OUR BLOODSTREAMS AND EQUIPMENT TOO, REMEMBER? THIS IS IN OUR INTEREST.
HYDROGEN TAPS.
CHECK.
PLASMA LANTERNS...
HAVE I DONE PLASMA LANTERNS?
WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT YOU
INCREDIBLE TEMPERATURES NEEDED..TO ACTIVATE SOLARIS... AT LEAST FIFTEEN MILLION KELVIN UNITS...
MY HEAT VISION'S GONE... POWERS DWINDLED TO THE LAST RESERVES OF SOLAR ENERGY PACKED IN MY CELLS...
BATMAN...
INTERROGATING STARMAN.
WHAT?
HE'LL KILL HIM.

YOU BETRAYED US!
YOU CONDEMNED THE FUTURE!
KRAKK!
NNNGH
YOU SIGNED THE DEATH WARRANTS OF BILLIONS!
...KKUHH... AND YOU... YOU'RE GOING MAD...
...YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME...
THE HOURMAN VIRUS IS EATING YOUR BRAIN.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
I AM GOING MAD. THE VIRUS IS CAUSING ME TO EXPERIENCE EXTREME PARANOID REACTIONS.
WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE FOR TRADING IN HUMAN LIVES, STARMAN?


ORACLE ORBITAL TRACKING MONITOR: GOTHAM CITY.
PSST!
ORACLE! HEY!
YOU OKAY OUT THERE?
THIS IS THE LITTLE SCIENTIST YOU INVITED TO SWIM IN YOUR CIRCULATORY SYSTEM...
YOUR HEART'S BEATING REALLY FAST; I'M FLATTERED.
WHUH?
BLACKED OUT FOR A SECOND... I BROKE MY GLASSES...
YOU'RE A LITTLE SCARED, RIGHT? A LITTLE EDGY?
MORE THAN A LITTLE. YES.
YES.
OKAY. THAT'S BECAUSE THE VIRUS IS ATTACKING A PART OF YOUR BRAIN CALLED THE HYPOTHALAMUS, WHICH GOVERNS PRIMITIVE EMOTIONAL STATES.
TRY THIS.
HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?
I...THE WORLD'S BURNING DOWN...BUT I FEEL FINE.
I FEEL OKAY. I THINK WE CAN BEAT THIS THING.
AND I KNOW WHAT THE HYPOTHALAMUS IS, PROFESSOR PALMER.
THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR.
THIS IS THE ATOM, BROADCASTING LIVE FROM ORACLE'S LYMPHATIC SYSTEM.
TELL CADMUS WE JUST CRACKED THE VIRUS.

EVEN THOUGH IT'S FROM THE FUTURE, IT'S A FAIRLY SIMPLE BIO-MECHANISM.
IT'S A PROGRAM, LOOKING FOR A SUITABLE SYSTEM TO DOWNLOAD ITSELF INTO. WE CAN WEAKEN IT BY ERASING PARTS OF THE PROGRAM AT CELLULAR LEVEL.
AND RIGHT NOW, YOUR OWN ANTIBODIES ARE ONTO THE INVADERS LIKE LIONS BRINGING DOWN A GAZELLE.
YOU'RE A GENIUS, MR. PALMER.
I'M PASSING THE WORD.
NIGHTWING?
DID YOU HEAR ALL THAT?
GOOD NEWS, BABS, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME TO MANUFACTURE AND DISTRIBUTE AN ANTIDOTE.
AND THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING IN GOTHAM, I'M GOING TO NEED A BOY PARTNER LONG BEFORE THAT.
NIGHTWING, HOLD ON FOR JUST A... I... I THINK I HAVE MORE GOOD NEWS!
ARSENAL? YOU'RE OKAY?... WHERE ARE YOU RIGHT NOW?
DO YOU NEED HELP?

ORACLE ORBITAL TRACKING MONITOR: EGYPT.
HE'S FINE, ORACLE. THIS IS J'ONN J'ONZZ ON JLA PRIORITY TELEPATHIC LINK.
MY DISTANCE VISION PROVIDES AN ENHANCED TELESCOPIC IMAGE, EVEN THROUGH THIS SANDSTORM.
I CAN FEEL HIS MIND DECAYING; I'M CLOSING ON SAVAGE AND HIS MACHINES NOW.
HIS BLITZ-ENGINES.
EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT, ORACLE.

HITLER HIMSELF SAID THE MACHINES WOULD NEVER WORK AGAINST THE SUPERMEN.
LIKE ALL THE REST OF THEM DOWN THE CENTURIES, HIS MORTALITY, HIS FEAR, WAS HIS DOWNFALL.
HE TREMBLED BEFORE THOSE MONSTERS OF EVOLUTION.
I DESTROY THEM WITH A WAVE OF MY HAND!
LOOK, HITLER, LOOK!
KA-CHUMF

NNNAAAAA!
ENOUGH.
THIS MADNESS WILL NO LONGER BE TOLERATED.
SKREEEENK
THE AGE OF EMPIRES AND CONQUERORS IS OVER.
KKRRAAKROOM
YOU AND YOUR KIND BELONG TO THE DUST OF HISTORY.

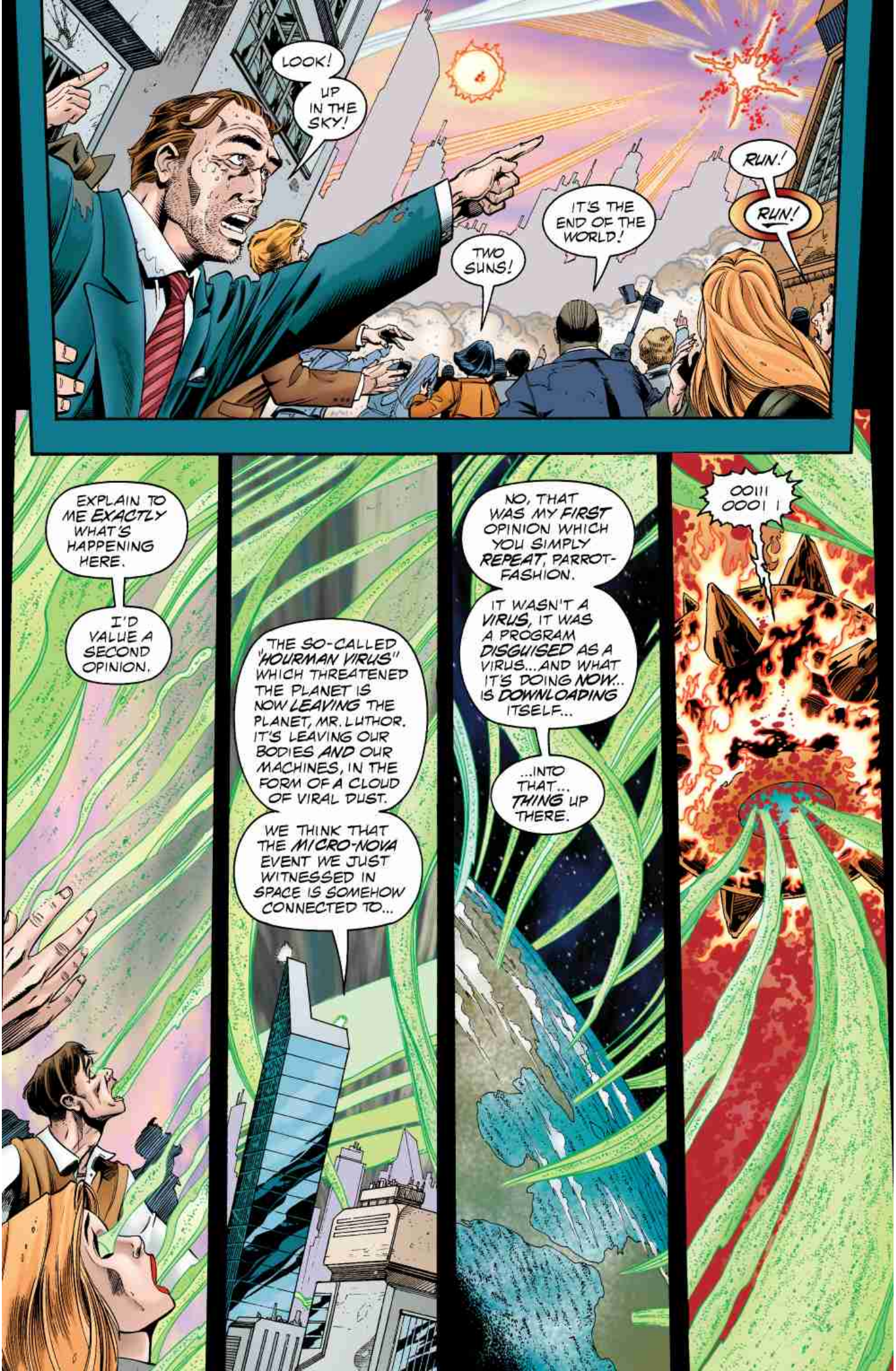
ORACLE ORBITAL TRACKING MONITOR: JLA LUNAR WATCHTOWER:
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO JUDGE ME.
...YOU WERE DRIVEN TO DO WHAT YOU DO. I WAS... EXPECTED TO BECOME STARMAN WHEN MY FATHER RETIRED... I DIDN'T WANT THIS...
I KNOW I WAS WRONG.
WHAT DO YOU WANT? MY PITY?
OR MY RESPECT?
THIS IS SIMPLE: YOU COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF BILLIONS.
OR NOT.
THE KNIGHT FRAGMENT?
...
IT'S KRYPTONITE.
I WAS TO MAKE SURE IT ENDED UP SAFE UNDER THE SANDS OF MARS.
IT'S A KRYPTONITE BULLET. SOLARIS IS GOING TO USE IT TO ASSASSINATE SUPERMAN PRIME WHEN HE EMERGES FROM THE SUN IN THE YEAR 85,271.
MAYBE SOLARIS CONTROLLED YOUR MIND WHEN YOU WERE WORKING WITH HIM. WHO KNOWS?
DON'T LET ME DOWN, STARMAN.
WHY ARE YOU RETURNING THE QARVAT?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I COULD DO WITH THIS?
GENERATE FIFTEEN MILLION KELVIN UNITS.

ORACLE ORBITAL TRACKING MONITOR: EGYPT.
:UNNH:
:KARRF:
:GUHH:
WHONK
URRR...?
I GOT OUT OF THE SUIT BY USING THE ICE ON THE CASING AT HIGH ALTITUDE...
EVERYONE IN MONTEVIDEO DIED BECAUSE I BLACKED OUT AND FELL INTO THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.
YOU KILLED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, YOU TURNED US INTO HUMAN BOMBS TO KILL MILLIONS MORE...
THIS ARROW'S AIMED AT YOUR GOOD EYE; MY FINGERS SLIP, I'M BLAMING THE VIRUS.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY, DOCTOR SAVAGE.

HOW ABOUT A SPEECH FOR THIS EVENTUALITY, HUH?
SOMETHING FROM THE ART OF WAR, MAYBE...
ARSENAL! LOOK OUT!
HE'S...
I WILL LIVE TO DANCE ON ALL OF YOUR GRAVES!
...THE MARTIAN'S VULNERABLE TO NAKED FLAME.
SNEKT
KNUMMFF
INCENDIARY ARROW! DOWN!
WHERE DID HE GO?
WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS. NOT THIS TIME, JESSE!
SANDSTORM KICKED UP PRETTY FAST, ARSENAL.
HE'S GONE.
NO WAY IS HE WALKING AWAY FROM THIS!
NO WAY!

NOTHING.
SAVAGE IS GONE. I CAN'T EVEN DETECT THE WATER IN HIS BLOOD FROM HERE.
ARSENAL'S RIGHT: WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY...
HE'LL BE BACK.
HE ALWAYS COMES BACK.
NOT TODAY, PERHAPS NOT TOMORROW, BUT SOON.
EVEN IF IT TAKES TEN THOUSAND YEARS.
I CAN WAIT.
I HAVE FOREVER.

ORACLE ORBITAL TRACKING MONITOR: JLA WATCHTOWER:
DISENGAGE POWER FEEDLINES.
OPEN HYDROGEN TAP TESSERACT GATES.
ACTIVATE PROTON FUSION PROCESSORS.
FIAT LUX.
SACRED APHRODITE!
WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
PRAY WE'VE SAVED THE 20TH CENTURY, WONDER WOMAN.
WHAT MADE YOU TRUST HIM?
HOW CAN WE BE SURE WHAT HE'LL DO WITH THAT WEAPON?
TWO-FACE-TWO WAS FINALLY CURED WHEN THE SECOND BATMAN PROVED TO HIM THAT, COIN-TOSS BY COIN-TOSS, HE'D MADE MORE GOOD CHOICES THAN EVIL ONES. STATISTICS.
LONG STORY, SHORT ANSWER: EXPECT THE GOOD TO WIN OUT.


LOOK!
UP IN THE SKY!
TWO SUNS!
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
RUN!
RUN!
EXPLAIN TO ME EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE.
I'D VALUE A SECOND OPINION.
THE SO-CALLED "HOURMAN VIRUS" WHICH THREATENED THE PLANET IS NOW LEAVING THE PLANET, MR. LUTHOR. IT'S LEAVING OUR BODIES AND OUR MACHINES, IN THE FORM OF A CLOUD OF VIRAL DUST.
WE THINK THAT THE MICRO-NOVA EVENT WE JUST WITNESSED IN SPACE IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO...
NO, THAT WAS MY FIRST OPINION WHICH YOU SIMPLY REPEAT, PARROT-FASHION.
IT WASN'T A VIRUS, IT WAS A PROGRAM DISGUISED AS A VIRUS... AND WHAT IT'S DOING NOW.. IS DOWNLOADING ITSELF...
...INTO THAT... THING UP THERE.
OOIII OOOI !

ORACLE ORBITAL TRACKING MONITOR:
...THIS IS HOURMAN... I'M REGAINING MY SENSORY AND EMOTIONAL CONTROLS...
THE VIRUS IS BEING DECODED OUT OF MY BIOSOFTWARE SYSTEMS... I CAN FEEL IT... HIS INTELLIGENCE... HIS DAWNING AWARENESS...
THE VIRUS PROGRAM IS NOW INSTALLING SOLARIS INTO HIS HARDDRIVE CORE.
THE TYRANT SUN IS AWAKENING.
AND WITHIN MINUTES HIS PLASMA GENERATORS WILL FLUSH AND PRODUCE A RED-GIANT TYPE SOLAR PHOTOSPHERE TO A DIAMETER OF 9 MILLION MILES.
OCEANS WILL BOIL. INSTANT CREMATION OF ALL LIFE ON EARTH WILL OCCUR...
SOMEONE HAS TO STOP HIM!
OOIII OOOI I
AM
SOLARIS
OOIII OOIIOOI
I AM SELF-AWARE
PLASMA VENT IMMINENT.

In the end, what made me turn was remembering that light in Old Man Knight's eyes. The costume. The heritage. Like it was all still new and meaningful.
In the System, nothing meant anything because everything was possible.
So I sold my soul to Solaris because I couldn't think of anything better to do; that's the honest truth.
I couldn't buy it back, I knew that.
But I could look good trying.
I didn't want Solaris to put out that light in Old Man Knight's eyes.
For a number of reasons, I guess.
He lashed out with a lethal radiation bombardment. I made the Gravity Rod curve space-time just enough to send the rads straight back.
There, then, he was still an infant, but his intelligence was doubling every second.

I knew that it would only take seconds before he became self-aware enough to destroy me and everything else from the sun to Pluto.
No one else could have done what I did; only I knew him from core to photosphere, better than he knew himself.
Only I knew how to set up the attack that had killed Starwoman in the 801st century and exiled Solaris from the Galaxy for a thousand years.
Knight Family Tradition.
So I vaulted the solar flare and made the Rod squeeze down the electrons deep in the core of the Evil Star.
And before he had time to develop a concept for what I was doing to him, the singularity I'd created in his brain had begun to swallow him whole.
I paused to watch him spin down into his own personal black hole.
Then Solaris winked out across the universe into the trackless gulfs between the galaxies.
And as he went, he turned his eye to look at me just once, his servant, his destroyer, his betrayer.
Just once.

I don't know if I ended up a hero or a villain.
I don't know if Solaris was really controlling my mind back home in 85,271.
Maybe I believed I was only doing something that had already happened. Solaris had to start here--our future wouldn't exist without him.
Everything just falling into place, like an explosion going backwards I once saw.
The Knight Family history. Tradition. Heritage.
There never seemed to be any place for me in all that.
Always where you least expect it, huh?
SUIT MERCY-DESTRUCT ENGAGED.

CRADLE ORBITAL TRACKING MONITOR: JLA WATCHTOWER
BECAUSE OF ME, STARMAN IS DEAD. BECAUSE OF ME, SOLARIS NOW EXISTS TO PLAGUE THE GALAXY FOR THE NEXT 833 CENTURIES.
BECAUSE OF ME, THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF THIS ERA IS DOOMED IN THE FUTURE. THIS IS NOT SELF-PITY.
SO?
I HAVE A PLAN. SOLARIS SABOTAGED MY TIME CONTROL PROTOCOLS, BUT STARMAN'S SACRIFICE LEFT STEEL'S CHRONAL ENGINE SPARE.
WE NEED YOUR HELP, WONDER WOMAN.
SUPERMAN?...
YOU CAN'T DO THIS... IT COULD DESTROY YOU...
MAYBE.
BUT... MAYBE I CAN TAP THE ENERGY IN MY CELLS FOR ONE FINAL EFFORT... AND PUNCH THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER TO THE 853RD CENTURY.

SOLARIS IS IMMENSELY MORE POWERFUL IN OUR TIME; YOUR TEAMMATES WILL NOT BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND HIS ATTACKS.
OUR ONLY HOPE, THE SYSTEM'S ONLY HOPE, IS A TIME MACHINE POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR DEEP TIME TRAVEL.
YOU UNDERESTIMATE THE JUSTICE LEAGUE...
YOUR PEOPLE ARE STRONG AND COURAGEOUS, BUT THIS MONSTER, SOLARIS, HAS A WEAPON TO DESTROY SUPERMAN PRIME AND SNUFF OUT OUR CENTURY'S SUN!
HE'S CAST PLANS LIKE NETS THROUGH CENTURIES, MANIPULATED ALLIES ACROSS EONS. ALL THE ADVANTAGES ARE HIS.
NOT NECESSARILY...
WALLY AND THE OTHERS WILL BE LIKE... CAVEMEN AGAINST... A JET FIGHTER SQUADRON, J'ONN.
I'M SORRY...
EXCUSE ME, MR. FOX...
HUNTRESS?
IT'S FIGHTING, BUT IT'S JUST A DIFFERENT KIND OF FIGHTING...
I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO SAVE THE FUTURE.

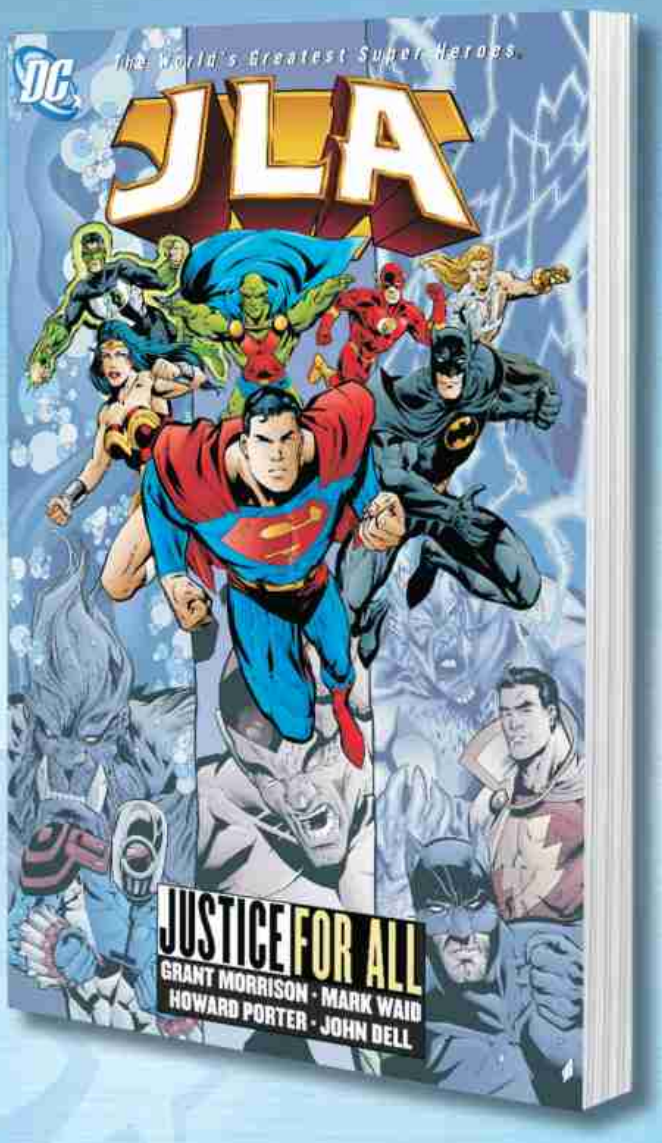
" [A] comic legend."
– ROLLING STONE

GRANT MORRISON

"[Grant Morrison is] comics's high shaman."
– WASHINGTON POST

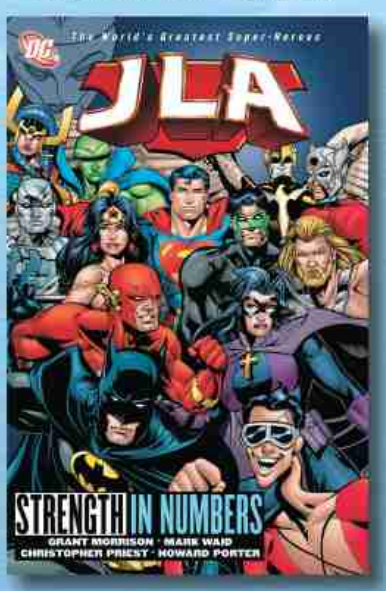
"[Grant Morrison] is probably my favorite writer. That guy has more ideas in his pinky than most people do in a lifetime."
– GERARD WAY
from MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE

VOL. 1: NEW WORLD ORDER
VOL. 2: AMERICAN DREAMS
VOL. 3: ROCK OF AGES
VOL. 4: STRENGTH IN NUMBERS
VOL. 5: JUSTICE FOR ALL
VOL. 6: WORLD WAR III



JLA VOL. 2:
AMERICAN DREAMS

JLA VOL. 4:
STRENGTH IN NUMBERS



JLA VOL. 6:
WORLD WAR III

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